

THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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All work of this kind considered due on delivery--when charged the cost will be more, unless we have accounts with those having such done.

Is it not Proved?

"Ten cent Jimmy," the Abolitionist and Federalist, was once so much in love with Democracy that he exclaimed:

"If I thought I had a drop of Democratic blood in my veins, I would open them and let it out."

In June, 1837, the following letter was published in the Lancaster Union, the Philadelphia Enquirer and other papers; and in 1845 republished in the Union. Nor was this all, the Hartford Courant, to say nothing of a number of papers in the same year, 1845, published it. In addition we observe that Peter Swindler, Esq., who heard the declaration, has published a similar letter. There are many living who heard Buchanan utter the words. The letter reads thus:

LANCASTER, May 31 1837.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of yesterday was duly received by me this morning, and in reply to the questions which you here address to me, I hasten to state that a number of years ago, when the Federal and Democratic parties were nearly equally balanced in this country, I was passing the Court House one evening and was informed by some persons that the Federalists were holding a meeting in at the time, and that the Hon. James Buchanan was addressing it. Although I was a member of the Democratic party, I went into hear what he had to say, because I was always pleased with his delivery and his manner of speaking. I had not been in the Court House long before he elevated his right hand above his head, and in an emphatic manner exclaimed: "If I thought I had a drop of Democratic blood in my veins I would let it out." I remember this distinctly, because I turned to some person who was standing near me at the time, and observed: "What a rash and improper expression that is for any citizen to make on such an occasion." I recalled it, too, because it was a direct and unprovoked attack upon the party to which I warmly and ardently attached. From that time I ceased to entertain that respect for Mr. Buchanan that I had formerly done.

Very respectfully,
ANTHONY MCLINN.

NEW ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady who perceived him, kindly made way for him in her pew. The text was upon the terrors of the Gospel, as denouncing against sinners, to prove which, the preacher referred to several passages of Scripture, to all of which the lady seemed very attentive, but somewhat agitated. Burns, perceiving this, wrote with a pencil on the blank leaf of her Bible the following lines:

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas only sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you!"

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

Mr. Fillmore in Albany.

Below will be found Mr. Fillmore's speech in Albany New York, when he was received there by the Mayor and other citizens of the City. We want it to be read by every one into whose hands this paper may fall. Hand it round--'tis high-toned and can but elicit the admiration even of his political enemies:

Mr. Mayor, and Fellow Citizens: This overwhelming demonstration of congratulation and welcome almost deprives me of the power of speech. Here nearly thirty years ago I commenced my political career. In this building I first saw a Legislative body in session, (cheers) but at that time it never entered into the aspirations of my heart that I should receive such a welcome as this, in the Capital of my native State. (Cheers)

You have been pleased, sir, to allude to my former services and my probable course, if I should be again called to the position of Chief Magistrate of the nation. (Applause.) It is not pleasant to speak of one's self, yet I trust that the occasion will justify me in briefly alluding to one or two events connected with my last administration. (Cheers.) You all know that when I was called to the executive chair by a breavement which overwhelmed the nation with grief, that the country was unfortunately agitated from one end to the other upon the all exciting subject of Slavery. It was then, sir, that I felt it my duty to rise above every sectional prejudice and look to the welfare of the whole nation. (Applause.) I was compelled, to a certain extent, to overcome long cherished prejudices, and disregard party claims. (Great and prolonged applause.) But in doing this, sir, I did no more than was done by many able and better men than myself. I was by no means the sole instrument, under Providence, in harmonizing those difficulties. (Applause.) There were at that time noble, independent, high-souled men, in both Houses of Congress, belonging to both the great political parties of the country--Whigs and Democrats, who spurned the character of selfish party leaders (cheers) rallied around my administration, in support of the great measures which restored peace to an agitated and distracted country. By the blessings of Divine Providence, our efforts were crowned with signal success, (cheers) and when I left the Presidential chair, the whole nation was prosperous and contented, and our relations with all foreign nations were of the most amicable kind. (Cheers.) The cloud that hung upon the horizon was dissipated but where are we now? Alas! Threatened at home with civil war, and from abroad with a rupture of our peaceful relations. I shall not seek to trace the causes of this change. These are the facts and it is for you to ponder upon them. Of the present administration I have nothing to say, and can appreciate the difficulties of administering this government, and if the present executive and his supporters have with good intention and honest hearts, made a mistake, I hope God may forgive them as I do. (Loud and prolonged applause.) But if there be those who have brought these calamities upon the country, for selfish or ambitious objects, it is your duty, fellow citizens, to hold them to a strict responsibility. (Cheers.)

The agitation which disturbed the peace of the country in 1850 was unavoidable. It was brought upon us by the acquisition of new territory, for the government of which it was necessary to provide territorial administration. But it is for you to say whether the present agitation, which distracts the country and threatens us with civil war, has not been recklessly and wantonly produced by the adoption of a measure to aid in personal advancement rather than in any public good. (Cheers.)

Sir, you have been pleased to say that I have the union of these States at heart. This, sir, is most true, for if there be one object dearer to me than any other, it is the unity, prosperity, and glory of this great Republic; and I confess frankly, sir, that I fear it is in danger. I say nothing of any particular section, much less of the several candidates before the people. I presume they are all honorable men. But, sir, what do we see? An exasperated feeling between the North and South, on the most exciting of all topics, resulting in bloodshed and organized military array.

But this is not all, sir. We see a political party presenting candidates

for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, selected for the first time from the free States alone, with the avowed purpose of electing these candidates by the suffrages of one part of the Union only, to rule over the whole United States. Can it be possible that those who are engaged in such a measure can have seriously reflected upon the consequences which must inevitably follow, in case of success? (Cheers.) Can they have the madness, or the folly to believe that our Southern brethren would submit to be governed by such a Chief Magistrate? (Cheers.) Would he be required to follow the same rule prescribed by those who elected him, in making his appointments? If a man living South of Mason and Dixon's line be not worthy to be President or Vice President, would it be proper to select one from the same quarter, as one of his Cabinet Council, or to represent the nation in a foreign country? Or, indeed, to collect the revenue, or administer the laws of the United States? If not, what new rule is the President to adopt in selecting men for office, that the people themselves discard in selecting him?

These are serious, but practical questions, and in order to appreciate them fully, it is only necessary to turn the tables upon ourselves. Suppose that the South, having a majority of the Electoral votes, should declare that they would only have slaveholders for President and Vice President; and should elect such by their exclusive suffrages to rule over us at the North. Do you think we would submit to it? No, not for a moment. (Applause.) And do you believe that your Southern brethren are less sensitive on this subject than you are, or less jealous of their rights? (Tremendous cheering.) If you do, let me tell you that you are mistaken. And, therefore, you see that if this sectional party succeeds, it leads inevitably to the destruction of this beautiful fabric reared by our forefathers, cemented by their blood, and bequeathed to us as a priceless inheritance.

I tell you, my friends, that I speak warmly on this subject, for I feel that we are in danger. I am determined to make a clean breast of it. I will wash my hands of the consequences, whatever they may be; and I tell you we are treading on the brink of a volcano, that is liable at any moment to burst forth and overwhelm the nation. I might by soft words, hold out delusive hopes, and thereby win votes. But I can never consent to be one thing to the North and another to the South. I should despise myself if I could be guilty of such evasion. (Tremendous applause.) For my conscience would still ask, with the dramatic poet--

"Is there not some secret curse--
Some hidden thunder red with immortal wrath--
To blast the wretch who owes his greatness
To his country's ruin!"

In the language of the lamented, immortal Clay--"I had rather be right than President." (Enthusiastic and prolonged cheers.)

It seems to me impossible that those engaged in this, can have contemplated the awful consequences of success. If it breaks asunder the bonds of our Union, and spreads anarchy and civil war through the land, what is it less than moral treason? Law and common sense hold a man responsible for the natural consequences of his act, and must not those whose acts tend to the destruction of the government, be equally held responsible? (Applause.) And let me also add, that when this Union is dissolved, it will not be divided into two Republics or two Monarchies, but broken into fragments, and at war with each other.

But, fellow-citizens, I have perhaps said all that was necessary on this subject, and I turn with pleasure to a less important, but more agreeable topic. (Cheers.) It has been my fortune during my travels in Europe, to witness once or twice the reception of Royalty, in all the pomp and splendor of military array, where the music was given to order, and the cheers at word of command. But, for myself, I prize the honest spontaneous throb of affection with which you have welcomed me back to my native State above all the pageants which royalty can display. (Cheers.) Therefore, with a heart overflowing with grateful emotion, I return you a thousand thanks, and bid you adieu. (Prolonged applause.)

Tasso being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy; "I wish not to plunder him," said he, "but there are things I wish to take away from him--not his honor, his wealth, or his life--but his ill will."

Written for the Winchester Appeal. FILLMORE AND DONELSON.

BY LEWIS METCALFE.
A shout, a shout! the cannon's roar
Is rolled along Atlantic's shore;
Hill-top and valley hear it on,
And shout Fillmore and Donelson!

Then westward rolls the swelling tide,
Like waves that ocean's bosom ride,
And Appalachia's forests join
To shout Fillmore and Donelson!

The mighty west lifts up its voice,
And all its woods and streams rejoice,
And all the land of WASHINGTON
Will bless Fillmore and Donelson!

Dissent hears the joyous song,
And quiet lulls the angry throng--
The North, the South--the twin are one
To praise Fillmore and Donelson.

A nation's hands are busy now,
Entwining chaplets for their brow,
And vict'ry waits to place them on
Our own Fillmore and Donelson!

THE FIRST AND LAST BORN.

My first-born, my first-born! shall I e'er forget
The charm
That filled with happiness my heart, when on
My clasping arm
Thy little head was pillowed, when I laid thee
On my breast,
And wept for very joy as I watched thy tranquil
Rest!

Shall I e'er forget thy father's smile, and the
Beaming eye, that still
A glittering tear of joy and pride as he looked
On thee would fill!
The ecstasy of those dear hours can my spirit
E'er forget?
O not they haunt my memory, like stars that
Cannot set!

My gentle, helpless last-born! how differently
I hailed
Thy coming, 'midst the clouds of care that my
Life's full summer veiled!
My stars of hope and love were gone--my
Mind was full of fears;
And the tears I shed on thy smooth face, O,
They were bitter tears!
Hushed was his voice that blessed my first--
His lip no longer smiled,
There was no father's eye to gaze with rapture
On my child;
And O how different from that first sweet sunny
Ecstasy.

Was the serious, deep, and chastened bliss,
My babe, I had in thee!
My first-born, my first-born! how open was his
Brow!
How like his father's was his eye, alas! 'tis
Like it now!
How sweetly did the chestnut curls upon his
Forehead wave!
And now they lie, unstirred, within the dark
And voiceless grave:
Like some full-leaved yet fallen tree, with its
Young and tender shoot--
The sire and son together rest, all motionless
And mute:
The first two treasures that I called mine own,
Of all earth's store,
Sleep with death's curtains drawn around, to
Great these eyes no more.

My last-born, my last-born it cheers me still
To trace
Thy father's lip, thy brother's eye, upon thy
Lovely face;
Even now thy dear unconscious hand twines
Sportive in my hair--
Thy lip hath just as bright a smile as my lost
Love used to wear:
I clasp thee to my bosom, and I find a gentle
Bliss--
A comfort to my wounded heart, that nought
Can give but this:
O my first babe! thou wast a flower to wreath
The brows of love;
But when love's light failed, this last was sent
A sweet star from above.

A lad on delivering milk a few mornings ago was asked why the milk was so warm.
"I don't know," he replied with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it instead of cold."

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

The tongue is like a race-horse, it runs the faster the less weight it carries.

A hypocrite is worse than an atheist: An atheist is but a ridiculous derider of piety--but a hypocrite makes a standing jest of religion.

There is no policy like politeness--and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or to supply the want of it.

Little Kindnesses.

"'Tis sweet to do something for those that we love,
Though the favor be ever so small."

Brothers, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle we call home? We love to receive little favors ourselves; and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle! To draw up the arm chair and get the slippers for father, to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother, to help brother or assist sister, how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up. "I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister, help little brother, and you are binding a tie around his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation. "I don't know how to do this sum, but brother will show me," says another little one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it." The little girl is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety, while she replaces the "naughty stitch."

"O, I am so glad," she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister, all nicely arranged; "you are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad," says the gentle voice of Mary, as the little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely, it is better to do as Mary did, than to say, "O, go away and don't trouble me," or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favor.

Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles, they strew the path of life with flowers; they make the sun shine brighter, and the green earth greener; and he who bade us "love one another" looks with favor upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and he pronounced the meek-blessed.

Brothers, sisters, love one another. If one offend, forgive and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that, in the sight of God, we have others as great and perhaps greater than theirs.

Be kind to the little ones; they will often be fretful and wayward. Be patient with them, and amuse them. How often a whole family of little ones are restored to good humor by an elder member proposing some new play, and perhaps joining in it, gathering them around her while she relates some pleasant story!

And brothers, do not think because you are stronger, it is unmanly to be gentle to your little brothers and sisters. True nobleness of heart, and true manliness of conduct, are never coupled with pride and arrogance.

Nobility and gentleness go hand in hand; and when I see a young gentleman kind and respectful to his mother, and gentle and forbearing to his brothers and sisters, I think he has a noble heart.

Alas! many a mother's and many a sister's heart has been wrung by the cold neglect and stiff unkindness of those whom God has made their natural protectors.

Brothers, sisters, never be unkind to one another, never be ashamed to help one another, never be ashamed to help any one, and you will find that though it is pleasant to receive favors, yet it is more blessed to give than to receive. --Sunday School Advocate.

SOLITUDE.--It has been said that he who retires to solitude is either a beast or an angel; the censure is too severe and the praise unwarranted; the discontented being, who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man, who has begun his life without experience, and knows not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind. --Goldsmith.

Men are more civilized by their pleasure than their occupations. This dispenses not only with ceremony, but often with common civility; and we should become rude, repulsive and ungracious, did we not recover in our recreations the urbanity which, in the bustle of our labors, we disregard.

Piety which does not sweeten a man's natural temper, may be compared to fruit before it is ripe--good in its kind, but not arrived at perfection.

Saturday Night.

We have read nothing happier or more beautifully expressed, for a long time, than the following. There is poetry and true genial feeling in it:

Saturday night! How the heart of the weary man rejoices, as with his week's wages in his pocket, he hies him home to gather his little ones around him, and to draw consolation from his hearthstone for the many hard hours he has toiled to win his pittance, Saturday night! How the poor woman sighs for every relief as she realizes that again God has sent her time for rest; and though her rewards have been small, yet she is content to live on, for even her heart builds in the future, a home where 'tis always Saturday eve. How the care-worn man of business relaxes his brow and closing his shop, saunters deliberately around to gather up a little gossip ere he goes quickly home to take a little rest. How softly the young man pronounces the word, for a bright-eyed maiden is in waiting, and this Saturday night! shall be a blessed time for him. There will be low words spoken at the garden gate, and there will be a pressure of hands, perhaps a pressure of lips--blessed Saturday night. To all Heaven has given a little heaven which works in the heart to stir up the gentle emotions, and Saturday night alone seems the meet and fitting time for dreaming gentle dreams. Blessed Saturday night, and we can but pray that through life we may bear with us the remembrance of its many holy hours, now gone into the far Past; memories which every Saturday eve but recalls like a benediction pronounced by one loved and gone.

How Scholars are Made.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical powers to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the maker of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constructed the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it will most certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His book and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, as an act of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man that has seen most, or has read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigor and capacity; the greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it. --Daniel Webster.

Dr. Dwight once closed a sermon on "the happiness of heaven," with the following beautiful simile:

"To the eye of man the sun appears a pure light; a mass of unmingled glory. Were we to ascend with a continued flight towards this luminary, and could, like the eagle, gaze directly on its lustre, we should in our progress behold its greatness continually enlarge, and its splendor become every moment more intense. As we rose through the heavens, we should see a little orb, changing, gradually, into a great world; and as we advanced nearer and nearer, should behold it expanding every way, until all that was before us became an universe of excessive and universal glory. Thus the heavenly inhabitant will, at the commencement of his happy existence, see the divine system filled with magnificence and splendor, and arrayed in glory and beauty; and as he advances over and through the successive periods of duration, will behold all things more and more luminous, transporting and sun-like forever."

The youth who can sneer at exalted virtue, need not wait for age and experience, to commence a consummate knave.

All professions, it is said, have their mysteries--these are precisely the points in which consists their weakness or knavery.

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom-bed, as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom.